USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—A case of common muslin sheeting that can be removed and washed occasionally, will keep a mattress clean for years.

—It is a good thing to paint the kitchen and pantry walls, as it gives a neat appearance and will admit of frequent washing.

—Brown Bread—Two-thirds of a cup of molasses, two cups sour milk, one cup sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls soda, one of salt, one cup flour, four cups cornmeal. Steam three hours and brown a few minutes in the oven.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Egg Dumplings.—One pint milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful salt, flour to make a soft dough. Drop the batter by spoonfuls into a dish of boiling water and let it boil four or five minutes. Take up with a skimmer and season with butter and pepper and serve with cold meat. They are improved by covering with sirup or sugar, butter and a little nutmeg.—Housekeeper.

—To wash lace: wind it around bottles or sew it on muslin and boil it in soft water with white castile soap. It should be rinsed in soft water after removing it from the suds. Rice water, or a thin solution of gum arabic, may be used to stiffen it. By pressing it between pieces of flannel it will look very well, as this process prevents the flattening so undesirable in lace.

—Fruit cake, if unfrosted, may be kept in earthen jars, but frosting keeps best in tins. Cookies and snaps may be put in covered earthen jars, with cloths to further exclude the air, for they dry very quickly. If the cellar is not unusually damp, pies would be kept better there, or a swinging shelf or screened cupboard. Doughnuts should have an earthen jar with cover, and one kept for them only.—Boston Budget.

—French Pickles.—One peck green tomatoes, one-half peck onions, one-fourth peck cucumbers. Let stand in salt over night, drain thoroughly and boil in a little vinegar about fifteen or twenty minutes, then drain again. Take four quarts of vinegar, two pounds brown sugar, one-fourth pound white mustard seed, one tablespoonful each ground allspice, cinnamon, cloves, ginger and mustard. Put all together and boil twenty minutes.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

—Many people do not know how easily they can protect themselves and their children against the bites of gnats and other insects. Weak carbolic acid, sponged on the skin and hair, and in some cases the clothing, will drive away the whole tribe. The safest plan is to keep a saturated solution of the acid. The solution can not contain more than 6 or 7 per cent. and it may be added to the water until the latter smells strongly. This may readily, and with perfect safety, be applied with a sponge. We have no doubt that horses and cattle could be protected in the same way from flies, which sometimes nearly madden them.

HE LOVED AND LOST.

Alexander H. Stephens Lived and Died a Bachelor.

There was always much speculation during the life of Alexander H. Stephens why he never married, nor did this speculation cease after he had gone to the grave, a celibate. Johnson & Browne's "Life of Alexander H. Stephens" gives one version, and the News, upon the authority of the lady interested, gives another version, but as to what is the best founded, or whether there is some foundation for both versions, the reader must draw his own conclusions.

"The Life of Alexander H. Stephens," alluded to, says that when Mr. Stephens was a teacher at Madison, Morgan County, Ga., in the fall of 1832, he lost his heart. It says: "One little episode not noted here, or even stated by him until nearly forty years after this occurrence, we may briefly advert to. One of the pupils at this school was a young girl, lovely both in person and character, from whom the young teacher learned more than is to be found in the books, and whom he grew to love with a depth of affection all the greater that it was condemned to hopelessness and silence. The poor student, with no prospect of worldly advancement, the invalid, who looked forward to an early death, must not thing of marrying—must not speak of love. And he never spoke of it to her nor to any until a generation had passed, and then to but one friend."

The other version of Mr. Stephens' early love is located in Savannah, which he visited in the fall of 1834, and the authority or the story is Mrs. Caroline Reginia Maria Smith, a lineal descendant of Lord Richard Percival Bland. Mrs. Smith says that when Mr. Stephens was in Savannah he met herself, then the wife of Edward Thomas Courtenay, her unmarried sister, Belle, and their father, and after the meeting Mr. Stephens asked permission to pay his addresses to Mr. Bland's daughter. Mr. Bland, on his return home, related to his daughter Belle what Mr. Stephens had said, and she pettishly said she would not receive Mr. Stephens for a suitor, whereupon Mr. Courtenay spoke up and said: "I think my wife is the younger looking and the most handsome, and I would not be surprised if Mr. Stephens fell in love with my wife, instead of you, Belle." The father of the ladies, patting his married daughter on the shoulder in an affectionate way, said: "I would not be surprised if Courtenay is right; I shall see Mr. Stephens and bring him around to tea this evening, then we will find out."

Later in the afternoon Mr. Bland met Mr. Stephens in the office of Mr. McLaws, and asked him to which of the ladies he referred, and Mr. Stephens described the personal appearance of Mrs. Courtenay, and remarked that she was the only lady he had ever met and loved at first sight; to which confession Mr. Bland made reply that the lady in question had been married. Mr. Stephens rejoined that he did not care if she had been married; that he desired to renew his request to pay his addresses to her, and then Mr. Bland said; "My daughter's husband is living, and you see how vain your request is." A shade of pain passed over the face of Mr. Stephens, and the invitation to tea was declined.—Savannah (Ga.) News.

THE ARTIST'S REVENGE.

How He Got Even with Those Who Made Light of His Calling.

Cap'n Loveridge (pulling up his horse)—What's he doin' there, Martin?

Kimball's Hired Man—Makin' a paintin'; that's hand-paintin' you're doin' there, ain't it, mister?

Bromfield, A. N. A. (who is finishing a study for his next exhibition picture, "Waning Summer")—Yep.

Kimball's Hired Man—He says it's hand-paintin' he's doin'.

Liddy Ann Kimball—Guess he's makin' it for one o' them picture papers, ain't you, mister?

Bromfield, A. N. A.—Nop.

Abs'lom Kimball—You might know it ain't for no picture paper; they don't have pictures of nothin' but fires an' accidents, an' houses fallin' down.

Liddy Ann Kimball—May be it's for one o' them funny papers, then—looks kind o' funny, don't it?

Cap'n Loveridge—Tell him if he wants to put me in, with my ole hoss 'n' buggy, I'll let him dew it cheap—ho, ho, ho!

Kimball's Hired Man—Mebbe he's goin' to put us all in—haw, haw, haw!

Liddy Ann Kimball—He's doin' off that piece o' stone wall now—do you have to git in every one 'o the stones, mister?

Bromfield, A. N. A.—Nop.

Abs'lom Kimball—He's got more'n forty different kinds o' colors in that there box. I wisht—

Kimball's Hired Man—Keep yer hands out o' them paints, Abs'lom—prob'ly he don't want ye to tech 'em.

Abs'lom Kimball—Can't ye give me some o' that yaller you're squeezin' out, mister? I want to paint my stilts with it.

Bromfield, A. N. A.—Can't spare any.

Kimball's Hired Man—Lijer Wright went up to the city a few years ago to learn the kerridge-paintin' trade—makes purty good wages at it, I b'en told. He comes down here once in awhile to see his folks, all dressed up. Ever b'en introduced to him, mister?

Bromfield, A. N. A.—I never happened to meet him.

Liddy Ann Kimball—If you want to put in our cows, mister, I'll go up yender 'n' drive 'em down. One of 'em's a hookin' cow; but we won't let her git near you.

Bromfield, A. N. A.—Much obliged; but I'm afraid I shan't have time to put them in.

Abs'lom Kimball—If I had that there umbrell' I'd walk right past the meetin' house next Sunday, holdin' it up over

"CAN'T SPARE ANY."

my head jest when the folks was comin' out o' church. Gosh! wouldn't it be fun?

Kimball's Hired Man—I wouldn't like nothin' better than settin' down all day, daubin' off picters like that. It's what ye might call a soft job, ain't it, Cap'n?

Cap'n Loveridge—I call it a purty lazy, shif'less kind o' job for a strappin', healthy man. If my boy Bill ever showed any signs of takin' to sech a trade as that I'd yank him out to the barn an' lather him till he'd walk pigeon-toed for a week. They don't hardly make enough money at it to keep 'em alive. There wuz a man along here last spring sellin' some kind o' colored picters or other. He wanted two shillin' for the small size an' forty cents for the large ones, frames an' all. Ask that feller how much he expects to git for that one he's makin'.

Bromfield, A. N. A. (with an inward prayer for forgiveness)—Tell him it's sold in advance for six thousand dollars—and, by the way, ask him if he can change this fifty-dollar bill, will you?

Kimball's Hired Man—He says he's sold it already for six thousand dollars, an' he's got the money in his clothes—an' he wants you to change a fifty-dollar bill for him, if ye kin! (To Bromfield.) That'll settle him, mister; he's stingier than all git out.

A pause of five or six minutes, during which nothing is heard but the rattle of a distant mowing-machine.

Cap'n Loveridge (clearing his throat)—Sorry I can't change the bill for ye, mister; didn't bring much change with me. But I wish ye'd come down an' eat dinner to my house, this noon. I'd like to talk with ye 'bout makin' some arrangement to have my boy Bill l'arn that there trade o' yourn. I'd be willin' to pay ye what's right if ye'll take him fer a 'prentice.

Bromfield (completing his triumph)—I regret that I can't accept your invitation, as I must be back in town before banking hours are over, in order to see about selling some bonds. As regards your son, I have two apprentices already, at three thousand dollars each, and I shall not be able to take any more for the next three years. Good morning.—F. Opper, in Puck.

The Bluffer Bluffed.

Passenger No. 1 (just entering the car)—Is this seat engaged?

Passenger No. 2 (who wants the whole seat to himself)—No, sir; but I'm troubled with hay fever, and you better not sit very near me.

Passenger No. 1—Oh, that's all right. I've an attack coming on myself.

(Exit Passenger No. 2.)—The Jury.

The Home of Revolutions.

Prof. G. Ografic—The earth makes a complete revolution in 365 days and 6 hours.

Smartie—Some parts of the earth make a revolution oftener than that—Hayti and Venezuela, for instance.—Light.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

Some of the Things Remembered by a Man of Prosaic Disposition.

It is said great men retain vivid recollections of the scenes and incidents of their childhood. Perhaps they do. If their writings are founded upon verity, they do certainly.

They remember the old abbey that filled them with dread and dismay; they remember the crumbling tombstones in the churchyard, with the moss-covered epitaphs; they can see to their latest day the prim rectory, or the parsonage.

And "perhaps there were years, perhaps only days, between the life among these and the later life in the Southdowns, where the wind was always blowing, and great ships were always sailing in the great arm of the sea.

They recall the bronzed old hulk of a sailor, with his strange sea-words, the boats he used to whittle out of them with his cutlass or marlinspike, and the mimic voyages they took to China and Holland. They recall the Squire's little black-eyed niece—she is still looking out at them from the past.

Well, let her look. It is probably easy enough to be a great man when a person is in youth situated where these interesting objects are found native; but I could not remember any crumbling abbey, without making myself out a liar, nor any explorations of the wind-swept downs.

I can not recall any sailor; I do not "remember my father as a quiet, still man, not fond of children, I think;" and if a historian were to found himself on my memory, he would have to write that there were no rough hunting, shooting squires in my neighborhood. It was evidently planned by the Fates that I should never be a great man, for none of the things that great men remember with such stunning effect were located in my vicinity.

Probably I could never have been a fluent memorist anyhow. Probably Nature intended me for the deposition, affidavit and witness-chair president of a large corporation.

I could not possible remember how "the Count laid his hand upon his sword" and how my father "gave him one swift look." These things probably happened, only I do not remember them.

"When my mother came down dressed for the ball, there was a hectic flush on each cheek." No doubt of it, only I had forgotten it entirely; and it has quite slipped my memory that "the days which followed our return from London were bleak and drear."

All that I can remember, anyhow, are a few things that I recall by thinking back. But these would not make a novel, and they would not comprise more than people knew at the time.

There was an occasion, quite disconnected from any other occasion before or after, when I had been sitting on the floor, trying to make friends with my grandfather by petting his cur dog—most appropriately named Curly. The cur bit me through the cheek, and I thought I could not yell loudly enough to express my feelings, and my grandfather stated that "it served him right." My old-maid aunt, more than twenty-five years old, inquired of the pleasant old man, if he were not ashamed.

He wasn't.

I do not remember whether the wound ever got well or not.

Again I with difficulty climbed into a buggy standing at our gate. The horse, (named Mike), with true Irish treachery, made an excuse of the circumstances to move off. He walked, he trotted, he trotted faster. I went sailing through the village streets, remarking, as I am credibly informed:

"I don't want to go! I don't want to go!"

Thus early I evinced a vein of truthfulness.

I remember a blue cloak I once had. It came to my knees, and must have been fourteen inches long. I tore this cloak, and the white cotton came out at the rent. "And I had done an awful deed."

Coleridge tore his cloak in youth, and thus came to know what a really terrible thing remorse is, and what is irremediable crime. I remember, one day, I got whipped five times, and people claimed I resembled Napoleon the Little or the Cuban revolutionists.—Williston Fish, in Puck.

The Point of View.

Railway Passenger—Isn't it wonderful how this country grows! I tell you it's a proud thing to be an American citizen these days. Look at it! Two new States in less than——

Man in the Next Seat (with a snort)—Ya-a-s! It's a grand thing to you, I suppose. You ain't in the publishing business, I reckon. You haven't put $5,000 into a historical chart of the United States and had it knocked galley west by two brand-new States plumping into the Union just as you got the chart out! Some folks make me tired! (Goes off to another part of the car and sits by himself.)—Chicago Tribune.

Mismated.

Mrs. Wilton—I have not heard from your daughter since she married a foreign count.

Mrs. Bilton—She is very unhappy.

Mrs. W.—Too bad; but such matches usually are unfortunate.

Mrs. B.—Indeed they are. You see the poor girl knows so little of foreign languages that she drops back into English every time she gets mad, and then her husband can't understand a word she says.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Woman of Sense.

"Now, John," said Mrs. Olyum to her husband, "you must remember that there is a good deal for us to accomplish yet. We can't sit down and fold our hands. More refinement is what we want. I'm a great advocate of refinement."

"That shows ye've got sense," said Mr. Olyum, looking over the top of the paper. "I've jest contracted for a new refinery that'll pervide for all the crude material our wells'll turn out."—Washington Post.

Brought Home.

Romantic Miss: Did it ever occur to you what wonderful sights the deep sea divers must behold?

Practical Man: Yes, once. It was when I was at sea in a storm.—Life.

PHILOSOPHER DUNDER.

Some of His Wise Sayings Worked Over Into German.

It vhas no fun to kick a man who vhas too meek to resent it, und it vhas no use to argue mit a man who vhas too deaf to hear you.

Eafen if we haf a bird in our handt, we vhas always looking for some more in der bushes. Human nature vhas nefer quite satisfied.

Vhen I comes home at midnight und my wife says notings, den I know dat she vhas camped on my trail und vhill make me tired. Vhen she jaws und blows und cries, den I knows she vhas soon oafer it und doan care.

While I detest selfish people, I hab discovered dat what pleases me der most is also werry satisfactory to the majority of the pooblic.

My nabur on the left hand believes dot shildren should be brought oop by moral suasion. Der one on my right beliefs dot one licking vhas better ash five suasions. Each vhas sooch a firm believer dot it lets my boy oudt altogether und he has his own vhay.

It vhasn't der man in der grocery so mooch as der people who trade mit him dot vhas responsible. All of us know vhat he will say to us when we ask him if dot box holds a quart of strawberries.

It vhas purty good advice dot you doan' bet on somebody else's game, but it vhas better advice dot you doan' bet at all.

I doan' know how oldt dis worldt vhas, nor how long it took to make it, but I belief my health vhas better dan as if I sit oop nights to wonder about her.

Sometimes I meet a man who argues mit me dot der Democratic candidate vhas der best. Sometimes I meet a man who offers to bet me feefty dollar dot der Republican vhas der best. It vhas dot vhay in politics—you vhas either out-argued or bluffed.

Women must be averaged up der same as man. Nature made her to weep over her husband's grave one spring, und take on a second by der next mitout any weeping. Dot vhas all right. When a man vhas dead he vhas no good to anybody.

It seems to me, if I should set oudt to educate a boy for State prison und der gallows, der first shtep I should take would be to ridicule the Bible und laugh at der idea of a God.

I can keep hens und feel all right towards my neighbors, but it is strange dot vhen my neighbors keep hens I vhas mad at 'em all der time!—Detroit Free Press.

JUSTICE NEVER SLEEPS.

An Ohio Solomon Proves the Fact to an Obstinate Prisoner.

While at the post-office in an Ohio village I heard the report that a murderer had been captured, and so I followed the crowd to the lock-up to learn more about it. There I found a prisoner whose every appearance proved the professional tramp. He was about forty years of age, very cool, and he greeted the charge of murder with a laugh. In a short time he was taken before a justice of the peace for examination, and I found a seat in the crowd. One look at the justice satisfied me that he realized the awful gravity of the situation and felt the foundation stone of the United States resting on his broad back.

"Prisoner," he began, "don't trifle with this court, for it won't be allowed."

"Who's going to trifle?" was the answer.

"Don't you do it, sir—don't you do it! Now, then, do you want to confess?"

"To what?"

"Cold-blooded murder!"

"Where?"

"In Cleveland."

"When?"

"Last night at eight o'clock."

"Humph! How far is it to Cleveland, Squire?"

"Ninety miles."

"And I slept all night in a barn back here three miles?"

"That's so, Judge," said a farmer in the crowd. "He came along at nine o'clock last night and I let him in there."

"You are sure?"

"Positive."

"And you won't confess?" he asked of the prisoner.

"How can I—being as I have done nothing?"

"Very well; such obstinacy deserves punishment, and I sentence you to the county jail for ninety days."

"What for?"

"To prove to you that Justice never sleeps, sir—never. You may think she do, but she don't—she don't, sir. You have been overtaken at last, sir—at last, sir; and the constable will take charge of the prisoner, and court is adjourned."—N. Y. Sun.

What's in a Name.

Millicent—I do so dislike "short" names, Mr. Jones; I never allow any one to call me "Milly." Don't you think I am right?

Mr. Jones—I quite agree with you.

Millicent—What do your friends call you, Mr. Jones?

Mr. Jones—My name is Montmorency Shorthouse Jones, and—er—they always call me "Shorty."—Light.

What They Spared.

Mrs. Tangle—John, the kitchen is just over-run with cock-roaches. They've eaten up every thing in it.

Mr. Tangle—What, every thing?

Mrs. Tangle—Yes. The only thing they haven't touched, is all that Patent Deadshot Roach Food that I put all around for them.—Light.

Took Him at His Word.

Slowpay (to collector)—I can't pay you to-day. Please call again.

Collector—This is very annoying. I don't want to do that.

Slowpay—Then stay away; but don't say that I didn't invite you.—West Shore.

An Honest Man.

Bronson—I suppose I may as well charge up that $25 you owe me to profit and loss. Brokeley—My dear sir, I am a man of honor. I will pay you that money, sir, if I have to steal it.—Munsey's Weekly.

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Schedule in effect June 2, 1890.

ARRIVE AT ROANOKE.

5:00 p. m. Daily—Memphis Express, from Hagerstown and the North. Through Pullman sleeping cars from New York and Philadelphia to Chattanooga and Memphis via Harrisburg, Hagerstown and Roanoke.

7.40 a. m. Daily—New Orleans Express from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, making connection through to the South. Carries through Pullman palace buffet sleeping car from Philadelphia to New Orleans, without change, via Harrisburg, Hagerstown, Roanoke, Cleveland, Calera and L. & N. R. R.

LEAVE ROANOKE.

5:45 a. m. Daily—Baltimore Express from all points south for Washington, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia and New York. Carries Pullman palace buffet sleeping car from Roanoke to Philadelphia without change, via Hagerstown and Harrisburg.

7:20 p. m. Daily—New York and Philadelphia Express, from Memphis, Chattanooga and all points south. For Philadelphia and New York. Carries Pullman palace buffet sleeping cars through to Philadelphia and New York via Roanoke, Hagerstown and Harrisburg.

Ticket agents will furnish all information and through schedules upon application to

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NORFOLK & WESTERN RAILROAD.

Schedule in effect Sept. 3rd, 1890.

WEST BOUND.

LEAVE ROANOKE.

10:05 a. m. Daily; arrive Bristol 4:09 p. m. Stops at all stations, connecting at Radford with trains on New River Branch; arriving at Pocahontas at 3:35 p. m.

5:45 p. m. Daily, arrives Radford 7:20 p. m., connecting with New River Branch at 7:35 p. m., for Bluefield and Pocahontas; arrives Pocahontas 10:55 p. m. Arrives Bristol 11:20 p. m., connecting with E. T. V. & G. R. R. for all points south and west. Has Pullman Palace Sleeper, Roanoke to Memphis, without change.

7:55 a. m. Daily, arrive Radford 9:15 a. m., connecting with New River Branch, leaving Radford 12:10 p. m. Arrives Bristol 12:40 p. m., connects with E. T. V. & G. R. R. for all points south and west; has Pullman Palace Sleeper from Roanoke to New Orleans without change.

EAST BOUND.

LEAVE ROANOKE.

5:25 a. m. Daily; for Lynchburg, Petersburg, Richmond, (via Petersburg and R. & P. R. R.,) Norfolk and intermediate points; Connects at Lynchburg with V. M. R. R. for Washington and the East, leaving Lynchburg 7:40 a. m. daily. Arrives Norfolk 2.00 p. m., connecting with steamer lines to Baltimore and New York.

10:10 a. m. Daily; arrives Lynchburg 11:59 a. m., connecting with V. M. R. R. for all points north, arriving Washington 7:05 p. m.; arrives Petersburg 4:20 p. m.; arrives Richmond, via R. & P. R. R., 5:05 p. m.; arrives Norfolk 7.00 p. m.

3:45 p. m. Daily; for Lynchburg and intermediate stations; arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m.

7:20 p. m. Daily; for Lynchburg and intermediate stations; arrives Lynchburg 9:20 p. m.

Cripple Creek Extension—Leaves Pulaski 8:15 a. m. Daily, except Sunday, and 3:00 p. m. Daily, arrive Ivanhoe 9:45 a. m., and 4:30 p. m.

Clinch Valley Extension (in operation Aug. 3, to St. Paul, 81 miles)—Leave Bluefield 8:10 a. m., daily; arrive St. Paul 12:55 p. m.

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Land and Improvement Co.,

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PETERSBURG, the third city of Virginia, population 23,317, is advantageously situated at the great falls of the Appomattox, at the head of tide water, eighty-one miles west of Norfolk, 123 miles east of Lynchburg, and nine miles from the port of City Point, on the James. It is nine hours' travel by rail from New York city, being thus nearer the great metropolis than either Rochester or Buffalo. It has large water power only partially developed.

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☞ The largest quarries of gray granite in the South: single blocks of 65,000 pounds weight having been shipped northward by rail during the past six months.

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☞ Six factories of tobacco for the home market, one of them the largest in the State.

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☞ Four iron foundries, two trunk factories, veneer works, flour and grist mills.

☞ Basket and woodware works, planing mills, knitting mills. A factory for all varieties of plain and stamped tin ware, paper-box factory, fireworks factory, &c., &c., &c.

All new manufacturing enterprises receive the encouragement of ten years' exemption from city taxation.

Our industries are already well established; we welcome those who come to assist in their expansion and development. A paper mill would be a paying investment, as the raw material is in unlimited quantity, and the demand for the various grades of paper requires an immense amount of the article. A tannery could also be profitably operated at Petersburg. The raw material is in unlimited supply, and a ready market, at home and near at hand, for a large production of leather.

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One hundred and sixty lots will be sold at public auction on

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